the sunshine of oedipus

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the sunshine of oedipus

by deadcarnation

Summary

Alpha Hannibal is enticed by his omega mom. It unfolds.

Hannibal grew up extremely jealous and overprotective of his mom. Will was a single omega, whose former husband was locked up for domestic violence, something that only had happened because Hannibal was away at boarding school. When he found out, he was livid and prohibited his mom from dating. Will accepted it with his head down because, of course, he knew his Alpha son, despite being still a teenager, knew best and was only trying to protect him.

But Hannibal grew up. Soon enough, he was twenty-two. He came to spend some time with his mom after medical school simply because he missed him too much to function. He intended to spend some time with him before going away for residency. They had agreed on calm afternoons, arts and crafts, movie nights, and cooking together.

But Hannibal's pheromones were stronger and his virility was more imposing now that he was a full-fledged Alpha.

Which is why being around his mom often made him get hard almost immediately.

Hannibal couldn't stop staring. He stared at Will's ass whenever he bent down to get something out of the oven, or at his cleavage, which was still somewhat modest, and left just enough to the imagination. He stared at Will's roseate lips and flushed cheeks when he got home sweaty from the farmer's market, his delicate wrists holding flowers and fresh bread for the two of them.

Hannibal realized that not only he was incredibly aroused by his mother, but that he might also have been in love with him. So much love stored in his chest, so much more than all of those other Alphas who wanted to take Will out and fuck him only for the sake of it.

But Hannibal was no better in the sense that he, too, needed his mom carnally. He snatched one of Will's old photographs from its frame, when he was pregnant with Hannibal. His curls were all over the place, midnight tendrils dancing with the wind, and his skin had a godly glow. He had his hand on his stomach, which protruded beautifully.

Hannibal couldn't control himself. The second he knew, he had his hand inside his briefs as he stroked his half-hard cock. He pictured his mom's wet, glistening, red cunt, and how it would drip with slick when enveloping Hannibal's huge cock.

Hannibal ran his hand up and down his length until it became sore from the friction. He found himself moaning "Mommy" as he masturbated, his eyes zeroing in on Will's tits in the picture, one of them which had a patch of milk leaking through his lacy bralette.

When Hannibal came all over his hand, he continued his movements, trying to ride every inch of his orgasm. Then, when he finally came to his senses again, his weary eyes wandered to the door, which was now open.

There, his object of affection stood, leaning beautifully against the door jamb of Hannibal's childhood room. Will's cheeks were impossibly red as he looked to be connecting the dots.

Hannibal had the two crime weapons in his hands—Will's crumpled photograph, and his jizzed cock, whose knot was already growing at the bottom.

Will gulped before he left for the kitchen with rushed steps.

They didn't talk about it.

Will grew seemingly distant, no longer having dinner at the table with Hannibal, and constantly saying he was too tired for movie nights before retreating to his bedroom. Hannibal hated thinking of his lovely mom all alone in his king-sized bed. Will started spending less time at home, too, now constantly running errands or saying he needed to go grocery shopping even when the fridge was full.

But Hannibal was a cunning Alpha. He always had been. He would never let the love of his life slip away from his hold like this.

One morning, Will was in the kitchen making them scrambled eggs, pancakes, and fresh orange juice. He had a summer dress and an apron on, and was barefoot.

Hannibal caught a whiff of Will's heliotrope scent, so much stronger even over the ripe oranges on the counter. Blood rushed straight to Hannibal's cock. It had been days since he had had his mom this close to him.

This vulnerable.

Cornered.

"Mommy," Hannibal rumbled in his Alpha voice.

Will dropped the knife he was using to peel the oranges. He didn't turn around.

"No need to be alarmed, Mommy," Hannibal cooed. "It's just me."

"Hannibal, I–"

"I've been missing you terribly. You've been evasive. Avoiding me. You know how badly it wounds me. And yet, you won't change your ways."

Will let out a shaky breath as he dried his juice-stained hands on his apron.

Hannibal approached him and glued his front to his back. He lowered the strap of Will's bra and planted a muted kiss on his deltoid.

"Haven't you missed me, too?" Hannibal asked, knowing he was being manipulative and that he sounded pedantic and yearning.

Will didn't reply. Hannibal could see the bristled hairs on his delicate nape.

"You have, Mommy. Haven't you?" he pushed.

“Y-yes,” Will purred. He preened under Hannibal’s Alpha voice as his scent got sweeter each second.

The omega’s muscles went lax like goo under Hannibal’s hands. Hannibal basked in it. He teethed all over the expanse of the croon of Will’s neck, allowing himself to fantasize about a mating bite there. He knew Will could feel the contour of his cock against his ass, and he hoped his mom felt claimed and taken care of as he had never before.

It didn’t take long to make a decision. Hannibal lifted Will’s dress, pulled his panties to the side, and slid his cock inside his wet cunt. The fact that it was absolutely soaked and that a puddle of slick immediately fell to the floor made Hannibal’s ego burst.

His lovely Mommy had been desiring him all along, too.

“My beautiful boy,” Will moaned as he tried to hold on to the counter, his body shaking with the strength of Hannibal’s brutal thrusts.

Hannibal kissed Will’s neck and sucked marks on his milky skin as he reached down with his hand to toy with his wet, swollen clit.

Hannibal’s desire for his mom had been so skin-deep, so visceral, so overwhelming, that it didn’t take longer than a few minutes for his cock to spill inside his cunt and to fill it to the brim. Hannibal’s knot started forming to lock them together—he could only hope this would be the first time among many others.

Will’s body weight was completely being held up by Hannibal’s strong arms, as his knees had grown wobbly from the knotting. He smelled heavenly, syrupy sweet, and Hannibal inhaled every bit of it like a starved dog.

Hannibal’s dexterous hand was still playing with Will’s clit when Will came so hard that he squirted all over his son’s engorged cock. The flux of slick was strong and it gushed out like see-through goo.

“You have the best cunt I’ve ever seen,” Hannibal said as he kept a steady hand on Will’s clit. “I love you, Mommy.”

Will moaned something incoherent before he slurred, “I love you, too. Sweet boy.”

Hannibal was tonguing at his mom’s neck, licking the fragrant skin and preparing the terrain for the blooming love he was about to sow. Will’s body was limp like that of a rag doll in Hannibal’s arms as his heliotrope hung sweetly in the kitchen.

“Do you trust me?” Hannibal whispered in Will’s ear.

Will nodded frantically.

Hannibal got his fangs out and sank them into Will’s neck as his cock spurted more come inside his cunt. It was so much jizz that it was dripping between Will’s thighs. Hannibal could only hope he would get his Mommy pregnant again.

The bite itself had been instinctive to both of them and, as soon as the blood started to flow out, Hannibal could already feel everything Will was feeling.

Arousal.

Relief.

Love.

They stayed locked together by Hannibal's knot while he licked the mating bite. Soon enough, Will fell asleep in his son's arms, taken by Morpheus in a balm of absolute bliss.

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